THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 23, 1807.

IMPROVED METHOD *of* MAKING CIDER,

As practised this Year, by T. A. Knight, Esq. of Elton, in Herefordshire.

I Expressed from apples, not previously reduced or bruised, by means of a small instrument adapted to that purpose, a sufficient quantity of juice to float an hydrometer, which is calculated to ascertain the weight of fluids, the special gravity of which exceeds that of water. The juice was thin, pale, and acid, and it evidently contained only a very small portion of sugar; and its specific gravity was only 1064. This juice was then returned to the pulp from which it had been extracted, and the pulp was thoroughly reduced by being pounded in a sand-stone mortar. The juice being again expressed, was found to have increased in special gravity from 1064 to 1071, and to have become sweet and rich, and much less fluid. The pulp was then spread thinly on a china dish, and exposed during twelve hours to the air; and being then mixed with the juice, it was found, at the end of five minutes, to have communicated to it an increasing degree of richness, and to have raised its specific gravity to 1073. Much saccharine matter must therefore have been communicated to the juice, which it did not hold in solution whilst it remained within the cells and vessels of the apple, nor at its first expression from it.

The deep colour acquired by the pulp whilst being ground, or on exposure to the air after being bruised, induced me to suspect that vital air (which enters into the composition of sugar, to the amount of 64 per cent.) is absorbed from the atmosphere during the process of grinding; and experiment immediately proved that an absorption of air then takes place to

a very great amount: and I must thence conclude, that the air thus absorbed combines with the other elementary principles of sugar afforded by the pulp, and that a considerable quantity of sugar is thus given to the cider, which never existed in the apple; which quantity may be very considerably augmented by appropriate management. The rind and seed did not appear to possess any peculiar action in the preceding experiment, for the same absorption of air took place when both those substances had been taken away.

I therefore wish to recommend to those cultivators of the apple, who are anxious to obtain cider in its greatest state of perfection, the following processes:—

When the fruit has been moderately well ground, as much of the juice as can readily be expressed should be taken from it, and the pulp should then be spread thinly in an open shallow vessel 'till the next day, being once or twice turned over to introduce new portions of air amongst it, and to promote as great an absorption as possible. The pulp should then be placed under the roller and ground again; when the juice expressed in the preceding day should be added to it, and the whole ground 'till thoroughly incorporated.

Particulars of the Liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the French Police, and of her subsequent Flight through Italy, the Tyrol, Styria, Bohemia, Gallicia, Poland, and Livonia.

(Continued from Page 885.)

THE most infamous assassin or traitor could not have been more rigidly watched, or surrounded by stricter guards, than was this unhappy lady. If she had conspired against the French government, it would have been impossible to persecute her with more acrimony; considering her distressed situation, borne down as she was by an illness that menaced her life. The confidence which she had placed in the enemy's promise of security was her only fault; no stain of culpability appeared even to the French, except her connection with a name synonimous of patriotic attachment. This proceeding could not fail to rouse the feelings of every person, however disinterested, and inspire horror at seeing such treatment offered to a young and delicate female. When we reflect on the commiseration arising at the sight of even the guilty when brought to punishment, what must our sentiments be, on beholding the innocent and helpless victim, dragged to the altar of revenge! We should surely endeavour to snatch it from its persecutors.

I now for the first time found myself agitated by a tumult of the most vehement feelings, affecting my soul far beyond the usual sentiments of sorrow or compassion. My imagination at times was inflamed in a degree that gave me the keenest anguish; and I shrunk with horror at the condition of a lady, who far from her husband, her mother, and her other friends, was left destitute of even a hope of relief. A desire of rendering myself serviceable to her, filled my bosom.

The precise reason of all this rigour, however, was still unknown; and as two days yet remained before her departure from Venice was to take place, Mrs. Smith requested leave to speak with the minister, that she might receive further information respecting her fate. Lagarde granted this, for no other end, than to shew her Prince Eugene's order, in the name of the emperor; which specified, that within forty-eight hours she must depart from Venice, to be sent a prisoner of war to the fortress of Valenciennes, under the escort of gensd'armes. Every argument or entreaty in her behalf was entirely useless: the will of those who imposed such orders was not to be appealed from. Sentiments of pity too were out of the question; and the natural difficulty arising from her impaired state of health, seemed only to stimulate Monsieur Lagarde towards accelerating the execution of his commission.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Smith, having thus learnt the real state of things, returned to her apartments: where the sister and brother-in-law, with two friends more, besides myself, waited; and who were the only persons that appeared to condole with her in her present afflicting situation. At this distressing moment, I felt myself quite oppressed by a variety of sensations: unable to endure such a scene any longer, I left the room, and ran to shut myself in my own, where I could reflect on the best means to be adopted for affording her my assistance, with more coolness, and without being distracted by the sight of their tears and affliction.

As a loyal subject of the monarch, by whose government and laws I was preserved, and my property secured, I was bound to quit a place under the controul of the enemies of my country; nor was I then insensible how much it was indebted to the protection and alliance of England.

Having reflected, I firmly resolved on endeavouring to rescue her. In this I could perceive no insurmountable difficulty, nor bring myself to calculate the dangers: my determination precluded all susceptibility of fear; and I believed that fortitude and perseverance (if necessary) would ensure success. I thought the best method to adopt was, a secret flight. I ran to Mrs. Smith about six in the evening, to communicate my projects to her, availing myself of the moments when we could not be overheard, for this purpose. "Madam," said I, "sensible as

I am of the unhappy situation and the distress that await you, and conscious of my duty to assist in whatever I am able any individual belonging to the British nation, I offer you all the help that is in my power. Flight alone can save you: I will prepare and undertake it; you shall second me, and follow my steps." On hearing these words, she looked at me with astonishment. Forgetful of her actual situation, she reproved me for even thinking of thus exposing my life and liberty.

After much argument I assured her that death is at a greater distance from the man who does not fear it, than most people imagine; and finally that my desire could no longer suffer to be rejected or even opposed. This language, pronounced with a force of emphasis, arising from the sentiments by which I was animated, reduced her to the necessity of resisting me no longer: I availed myself of the moment, for obtaining her word of honour to second me; and insisted on her keeping the secret to herself. These preliminaries being agreed upon, I commenced my plan by saving the children; for as they had not been placed under the immediate vigilance of the government, I supposed they might be easily carried off from Venice. I made no secret of this to the countess or her friends; and the same night it was settled that the following day, under pretence of going to hear mass with their preceptor at the next church, they were to come to a certain spot where I was to wait with a gondola, to convey them to Mestre, the nearest city on the terra-firma. From this place they were to be sent post, without delay, to Gratz, where the Countess Strazzoldo, another sister of Mrs. Smith, resided.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the children were with me. Ignorant of their destiny, they asked me more than once why their mother did not come with them, and why the soldiers were about the house, when they were to see mamma again, and why they left her behind now. At every step their words drew tears from my eyes; reflecting how uncertain the period was when they were again to meet her—perhaps never. At eleven o'clock, Elmaurer (the preceptor) had not returned from preparing the things for the journey, and the boat for Mestre. During this interval I conceived the idea of offering a most agreeable sight to a mother who must have thought her children gone several hours before, but this must take place unknown to the guards. For that purpose I wrote her a note in the form of a bill of exchange, and told the servant to inform the centinels that it was sent to her by the banker on money affairs: it was to desire her to come to a certain window, under which I should pass with the boys in a gondola. The servant succeeded in giving her the paper; and I at some distance saw her at the window. I advanced with the gondola, and ordered the gondolier to stop at a certain place; and then pointed

pointed to the boys, whom I desired not to speak a word. This excited all the violence of a mother's feeling, at beholding her darling children going from her. I perceived that she wept bitterly, and seemed much agitated; and a sort of convulsive transport, under which she appeared to labour, made me apprehend other consequences that might serve to betray us. I therefore directed the boatman to go on, thus breaking off this affecting scene; and we proceeded to Mestre, from which place the children set off in a post-chaise to Gratz, with their preceptor.

Only twenty-four hours now remained of the time which Mrs. Smith had been allowed to stay at Venice. The state of that city, and its position, rendered her escape totally impossible: it being situated in a body of water five miles broad at the narrowest part; and after reaching the land, a space of above a hundred miles was to be travelled before we could get out of the French dominions, so that we should have been much exposed to detention. To get away by sea to Trieste was equally difficult, as we were subject to the punctual visit of the guards, posted at every outlet; and it would have been necessary to secure a large boat, the masters and sailors of which must, in some degree, know the secret. In short, such were the obstacles, that it would have been folly to attempt any thing at the time; and we therefore resolved on availing ourselves of the first opportunity during the journey, before we should reach the Alps.

It was necessary that I should accompany Mrs. Smith on the road. Nothing could be more reasonable, than her demand that a friend might be permitted to travel with her; it being very improper that a lady should undertake so long a journey in the company only of gensd'armes, without having any person to converse with. Monsieur Lagarde, who made some enquiries on the subject, agreed to Mrs. Smith's demand without delay, and gave me at the same time a passport for Milan, to take also a servant; but as I did not wish any person with me, which might in some measure obstruct my plans, I sent my servant to Bologna immediately with orders to wait for me there, (with some of my effects) for about a week.

At eight o'clock in the evening we left Venice, which had been so agreeable to me before, but was now grown quite odious. The calm surface of the water, and the serene sky, seemed favourable omens for us. I could not refrain from often turning my eyes on the stupendous edifices of that rich and magnificent city, from whence I was departing, perhaps never to return. I called to mind the happiness which I had enjoyed during my stay there; and from my dubious anticipations of futurity, my imagination fluctuated to the recollection of the charming amusements of Venice, embellished by the peculiar

hilarity and civility of the inhabitants. This is, in my opinion, by far the most gay and splendid city of Italy. Its prospect, as it retired from my sight, left on my mind an impression of attachment which can never be obliterated.

Countess Attems, her husband, the Prince Parr, and Baron Villetti, accompanied Mrs. Smith in their gondolas as far as Fusina, the first landing-place, five miles from Venice; but the approach of night obliged them to return. The amiable countess could not resolve on finally leaving her sister, or abandoning her a victim to the sufferings that now gathered round her. They embraced each other: a thousand kisses, and promises of eternal affection, were interchanged: they vowed to live under the same roof, in whatever place Mrs. Smith should be taken to. Tears were a welcome resource, sighs were necessary: the instant that should again unite them was their only consolation, and that of parting was the most poignant of their torments. I embraced my friend Villetti; but the soldiers losing patience at this lengthened scene of distress, ordered our gondoliers to put off; and we proceeded on our way to Padua, in the deepest affliction.

(To be continued.)

Character of the late Sir William Staines, Knt. and Alderman of Cripplegate Ward.

[From the Funeral Sermon preached for him by Dr. Gregory in Cripplegate Church, on September 20, 1807.]

HE had too much innate greatness of mind to endeavour, like some vain and foolish persons, to cast a veil over the humility of his origin. On the contrary, alluding to the divine providence, he was fond of applying to himself the expression of the psalmist—"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill: that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."—I would not be understood to imply that any thing disgraceful attached to either his birth or family; though poor, both were honest and creditable. At a very early period of life he encountered great hardships, and this was probably a providential dispensation to reduce to order an ardent and impetuous spirit, which was apparently more intent on seeking adventures abroad, than on pursuing the paths of patient industry at home. He served his country for some time in a naval capacity; but in the dungeons of the enemy he was brought to serious reflection, and after a series of calamities, he returned to his country with an altered mind. Soon after his return, he

engaged in the business which he afterwards exercised with so much honour and profit, and served a regular apprenticeship to it; but whether from want of capital, or from what cause I cannot explain, he seems afterwards to be discouraged from pursuing it, and endeavoured to gain a decent and independent subsistence in a very humble retail trade.

From this situation he was suddenly and unexpectedly called, by what he always accounted a providential interposition, to the exercise of his own proper business. By the persuasion of a friend he was induced to engage in a very difficult undertaking,* one which the principal architects of the kingdom had estimated at an expence infinitely greater than he afterwards executed it for. The manly and independent spirit which he afterwards displayed through life, was evinced in his rejecting an extra donation from his employers, alleging that he was content with his fair profits. Their friendship and gratitude, however, accompanied him through life, and from this circumstance he was accustomed to date his rise.

It would be impertinent to recount to you, who were most of you witnesses of it all, the further particulars of his successful life. Your suffrages placed him in the corporation of this city; and your unanimous voice afterwards raised him to a still higher dignity. In the office of chief magistrate he was happy in the approbation of his sovereign, and the universal applause of his fellow-citizens. He retired from public life to pass a quiet and comfortable old age in the midst of his friends and relations; and died full of years and of honours.

His general character was so well known among you, that it is unnecessary to expatiate much upon it. He was a sincere, I may say a devout Christian; and I believe never neglected the duty of worship, public or private. He seems early to have imbibed serious opinions—he thought much upon religion, and thought for himself. The goodness of providence was with him a favourite topic, and he entertained the most enlarged notions upon the subject. He did not confine his views to a general providence, but always asserted, in the fullest extent, a particular providence, which guided and directed every event in this world, agreeably to the expression of our Lord and Saviour—"That the hairs of our heads are all numbered, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Heavenly Father." Hence he attributed every success in life to the divine providence, and his expressions of gratitude to that good being "who gave him all things richly to enjoy," were both fervent and frequent. Yet his religion was not of a morose or austere character. His temper was social, and many of you know that he entered with ease and pleasantry into scenes of innocent and

* The repair of Bow-steeple.

and temperate conviviality. His cheerfulness rendered him an agreeable companion, and conciliated a numerous circle of private friends. But if there was a feature particularly conspicuous in his character, it was his charity and active beneficence, of which a noble monument stands in this parish, and another in a distant part of the kingdom, where he had some connection in trade.* Not to speak of his private charities, which I have reason to think were very extensive, you all know and must remember his great and well-directed charity to the poor in all times of scarcity, even while he was a liberal subscriber to public institutions for their relief. As a magistrate, he was active and attentive; and as a private man, this parish has many obligations to him, some of which are publicly recorded. Such was the man whose loss we at present deplore.

We will now draw some practical inferences, from what I have advanced on this subject; and as being of less importance, I shall commence with the moral qualities.

First, From the rise and progress of this good man, all young persons must see the inestimable value of industry. It is our happiness to live in a country, where the road to wealth, honours, and prosperity, is open to every one who will be steady, active, and industrious. Let no young man, however obscure his origin, with whatever difficulties he may have to contend, after such an example as this, despair of success; but let him remember, that if he trusts in God, and uses the proper means, even the blessings of this life will ultimately be not denied him.

Secondly, We may see from what has been said, the value of a good character. It was character that raised the person in question to opulence and rank; and, indeed, I believe without it there is no chance of success. It was character that recommended him to your favour and your suffrages. Character attended him through life, and rendered him respectable in every station.

Lastly, Let it impress you with the absolute necessity of religious principle, not only with regard to that great object of all our hopes and wishes, that salvation which was wrought for us by Christ Jesus, but even with a view to worldly success. That lively faith which was ever predominant in the mind of our departed friend, unquestionably brought down a blessing upon all his endeavours. That trust in providence which he so strongly felt and expressed, might, probably (even in a moral view) invigorate his endeavours; and the earnest hope of success, which he grounded on the hopes of the divine favour, might be a means of atchieving it. Thus far, at least, is evident,

* Almshouses built and endowed by him in his life-time in Cripplegate parish, and at his quarries in Yorkshire.

dent, that a firm belief in all the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel, is the most certain means of escaping sin and temptation, and infallibly keeps the professor of Christianity out of that dissipation and profligacy which commonly lead to ruin in this world and the next.

ROBBERY *and* MURDER.

ON the morning of the 1st of November, 1807, a little before twelve o'clock, a most daring robbery was committed at the foot of Cockin-Hill, about six miles from Chichester, on the London road, by a young man, on Mr. Rhodes, an attorney, of Chichester. The robber presented a pistol to Mr. Rhodes's breast, and demanded his money and watch, which he complied with. Mr. Rhodes, on his arrival in Chichester, immediately made it known to the magistrates, when three gentlemen volunteered their services to go in search of the villain; they accordingly proceeded, well mounted and armed, and after about two hours' ride discovered him. Immediately he saw them he decamped; but seeing they pursued him, and that they gained ground on him, he turned about and shot Mr. George Hanway Sergent through the head, when he dropped off his horse dead on the spot. The robber then pulled off his round frock, shoes, and hat, and retreated into a coppice just by, while the others were endeavouring to assist their friend, but who, alas! was quite dead.

On the day following a great number of pessons assembled in the neighbourhood of Graffham, for the purpose of apprehending the murderer of Mr. Sargent. From Petworth, and its immediate vicinity, went about 200 men, armed for the most part with muskets and fowling-pieces; and from Arundel, Graffham, &c. about 100 more, some armed with guns, others with prongs and clubs: they were joined by about 100 dragoons on horseback. The first search was made in the Teglease, the wood where Mr. Sargent was murdered, but this proved fruitless. About twelve o'clock, the impressions of his feet in worsted stockings (for he had no shoes, having left them when pursued in the Teglease the day before), were distinctly traced by a small party in the footpath, at the bottom of the north side of the downs; his footsteps were followed into and across a large stubble field, through some other fields; across a lane, and into a coppice called Gunters, lying about half a mile to the north-west of Graffham. The distance over which he was tracked was about half a mile; in the fields the operation was attended with some difficulty, there being only small and slight impressions of the network of his worsted stockings to be seen. But the slight nature of these footsteps convinced

his pursuers that he had passed that way since five o'clock in the morning, because the rain which fell until that hour must otherwise have effaced them.

Within ten minutes after the party had entered the wood, one of them perceived him lying on his breast behind a thicket, at about five yards distance; he presented his piece at the villain, but it missed fire. The murderer, whose name was James Allen, then bounded away from his pursuers with the agility of a deer, and concealing himself in the wood, eluded all search, although nearly 400 persons had assembled in and about the wood soon after he was seen: this happened about one o'clock. About an hour afterwards he leaped over the hedge on the north side of the wood, and crossed the lane; in crossing, a musket was discharged at him without effect; he then rushed over another hedge into another coppice; from thence, however, finding himself beset, he rushed back again by the same way, but was not then shot at; and from that time he was not seen again until five o'clock. At that hour the search was almost given up; the dragoons had assembled and marched away; the chief part of the multitude also had departed; and not more than 30 men remained in the wood; these were also about to leave it, but in returning they had spread themselves at short intervals, in order that the ground through which they were passing might be thoroughly searched. Of these John Meachem, a mason's labourer, one of the Petworth volunteers, hearing a rustling in the bushes, turned round, and saw a man, clad in a dirty round frock, at about six yards distance, in the act of getting out of a small brook: he immediately fired his piece, and the wretch uttered the words, "Oh! Lord! oh! Lord!" in a tone of agony and despair; another gun was then discharged at him, and he appearing incapable of doing further mischief, was then approached by the party, dragged from the brook, and laid on his back on the grass, where he lay gasping about a quarter of an hour without the power of uttering another word, and died. His piece was found in his hand, primed and cocked; it had a bolt to the lock, but was not bolted.

He had in his pockets the watch of which he had robbed Mr. Rhodes, of Chichester, on Sunday morning, and a gun flint. The shot which first struck him was a musket ball; it penetrated between his shoulder-blades, but did not pass through him; this, doubtless, occasioned his death; the second shot which he received consisted of slugs, which broke his right arm, and slightly penetrated his side. He bled very much; the place where he was shot was not twenty yards distant from the thicket wherein he was first discovered. When dead, he was taken to the public-house, at Graffham, amidst an immense concourse of people, almost all who had been engaged

gaged in the search (including the dragoons) returning to see him. On the following day an inquest sat on the body, and a verdict was brought in of—Justifiable Homicide.

George Hanway Sargent, esq. was a captain in the 9th regiment of foot, was among the English detained in France, on the breaking out of the present war, and had only lately obtained his release, and returned home. He was the second son of John Sargent, esq. of Hullavington, the ingenious author of "The Mine," who was formerly one of the secretaries of the treasury, and is now one of the auditors of public accounts.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 11.

To the Editor,

Sir,

LAST week an *affray* happened in an assembly-room, *situate, lying, and being* in the west of Cornwall, *between* two attornies (that is to say) Roger Quitam, *versus* Simon Nonesuch, one of whom was master of the ceremonies. The *dispute* began by denying *admission* to a third person, *whereupon* his friend insisted upon a *quare non admisit*, and was so violent, that *an action upon the case*, and *lex talionis* (or law of *talons*) immediately followed; in which *assault and battery*, together with a *tenure in capite* took place The *combatants* having sustained considerable *damages*, were parted by the company, who hoped these *proceedings* would be stopped by a *writ of cessavit*, or an *oyer and terminer*; especially as a *clausum fregit* (or breaking of their *claws*) must make the *assailants* too sensible of the *penal clause*. But soon after, there was a *delivery* and *acceptance* of a *challenge propter delictum*, and a *trial by battle* was *determined* upon; and although *innuendos* of a *noli prosequi* appeared in both *parties*, and each of them wished to let *judgment go by default*, yet (after *devising* and *bequeathing* their *rights of and in all and all manner of lands* and *hereditaments*, and their *bona notabilia*) fearing lest they should be *censured* for a *nudum pactum*, and a *breach of covenant*, and no *habeas* to be had for their characters from the *court of honour*; from whence also is generally had a *distringas to compel appearance*, they *severally repaired* with *force and arms* to the stipulated spot, *each* and *every* of them anxiously hoping when he came there to obtain a *non est inventus*. After the ground was measured by a *perambulatione facienda*, a *presentment* of pistols was made, and for some time the act of *fieri facias*, (to wit,

firing in the face) seemed unavoidable. But the *parties aforesaid, judging* the *issue* of such an *action* might be for one of them, *diem clausit extremum*, and for the other a *sus. per col.* and fearing lest the tartarean *catchpole* should be attending with a *capias ad audiendum judicium* from a certain *inferior court, signed* and *sealed* by the *keeper* of *Domesday-book*, and that on their being *conveyed thither, post disseisin*, a *writ of ad quod dammum* (that is, to what class of the damned attornies belong) might be *executed*, and no *writ de homine replegiando* to be *obtained*, they *jointly* and *severally admitted* a *demurrer*. After an *imparlance*, at which the *case* could not be *adjusted*, swords were *appealed* to, and for some time there was every appearance of *drawing* and *indenting*; but, to be *brief*, and not *engross* any more of your time: when they recollected that no *client* would pay them for such a *deed*, they came to an *agreement* to save their *skins*, together with the *appurtenances*, any thing to the *contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

V. U.

Eugenio to Ellen.

I am not at all astonished, Ellen, at your addressing me, as "Sir Knight of the Woeful Countenance." The natural vivacity of youth, the swarm of flattering reptiles that surround you, and the scenes of gaiety, in which you so frequently mingle—*all* tend to obviate the salutary effects of my serious admonitions. I have now, however, a circumstance to communicate far more conducive to solemn contemplation than the subject of my former epistles; I mean—the *death of Maria!!* You start! alas! Ellen, it is too true! our poor amiable Maria is *no more*. The voracious worm already preys on her pale cheek; and the primrose that I planted on her grave begins to unfold its modest charms. But dry those tears, Ellen! restrain those heart-rending sighs! they can never recall her from the cold earth; they can never revive the bloom of her loveliness. Maria was peculiarly devoted to religion from her earliest youth; she imbibed it with the first dawn of reason; and when death unexpectedly arrived, its influence was evident. Her fortitude and resignation, at this awful period, were unexampled; whilst the smile of celestial hope animated her angelic countenance. You still weep, Ellen! weep on, weep on, my lovely mourner! It is but a just tribute to the memory of departed virtue! This melancholy event has led me to the following reflections:—

1.

1.

Thoughtless the young and giddy seem
Of life's unknown duration;
Indulging every idle dream
Of fancy's fond creation.

2.

Ideal pleasures they pursue,
And, hopes, deceitful, cherish,
'Till sorrow intercepts the view,
And their illusions perish.

3.

'Till death strikes some unlook'd-for blow,
Reflection is averted,
But *then* they feel as *I* do *now*,
Distress'd and disconcerted.

4.

True wisdom acts a nobler part,
Less liable to sorrow,
Impressing on the virtuous heart
Bright hopes beyond to-morrow.

5.

Yes, far beyond! beyond the skies,
And life and earth's existence;
Hopes, that delight the Christian's eyes,
Seen from whatever distance.

6.

Hopes, that invigorate the breast,
When doom'd from life to sever;
That give each present joy a jest,
And happiness *for ever*.

7.

Such solemn musings oft arise,
But prove of short duration,
For youth, some gayer thoughts supplies
Some happier avocation.

8.

With judgments warped by selfish views,
Our fleeting days we measure.
And all our apprehensions lose
In one sweet draught of pleasure.

If

If you do not approve of these reflections, pray favour me, Ellen, with your own.

Adieu,

X. EUGENIO.

Dr. Moseley's Account of a Remarkable Case of Hydrophobia.

Chelsea Hospital, Monday evening, 9th November, 1807.

THIS afternoon, at three o'clock, Mrs. Metcalfe, No. 25, Compton-street, brought her son, Mr. Frederick Michael Metcalfe, to me for advice, at my house in Albany, Piccadilly.

He informed me, that he was attacked about four o'clock yesterday morning with a difficulty in swallowing any liquid, which he first perceived when he attempted to drink some porter, the remains of half a pint, which he had on the preceding evening. He said, when he put the pot to his mouth, something rose in his throat, and choaked him. He swallowed, as he thought, about a tea spoonful, and then was seized with a trembling, and cramp in his arms and legs, and a sensation of pricking, as if pins or needles were run into his flesh. His appetite failed him on Saturday last. Yesterday he ate a small piece of mutton, which made him sick at his stomach. He has eaten nothing this day, though he said he could swallow any thing, except it was in a liquid form; but has no desire for food. He said he was attacked on Thursday last with a violent pain in his right arm, from his shoulder to the ends of his fingers. This pain left him on Saturday night. He rubbed the arm with hartshorn and oil, and wrapped it up with flannel, on Saturday.

Mrs. Metcalfe informed me, that on his seeing any liquid poured out for him to drink, even before he takes hold of the pot, or cup, he begins to tremble, and the choaking seizes him. She said, in attempting to drink, he becomes convulsed, his eyes look glassy, and he stares in an unusual and frightful manner.

The case thus clearly demonstrated, I desired Mrs. Metcalfe to go with me into another room. I did this that I might not alarm her son, by questions necessary for further information. Neither Mrs. Metcalfe nor her son had the slightest suspicion of the cause, or the nature of this dreadful calamity.

I asked Mrs. Metcalfe whether her son had been lately bitten by any dog? The very question so much alarmed her, that she was for a few minutes in a state of distraction. When she was able to speak, she exclaimed, with a loud shriek, that he

he had been bitten in the hand by a dog in the summer. As soon as she became calm and composed, we returned to her son.

On interrogating him, he informed me, that in the beginning of July last, there were two dogs fighting desperately in the street opposite his mother's house; and he observing one of them had one of his eyes torn out, and the other dog likely to kill him, endeavoured to part them, but on taking hold of the dog he wished to rescue from the fury of the other, he received a bite from him on his right hand. Two of the dog's teeth penetrated the outside of the hand, but the palm of the hand was considerably wounded. This wound was dressed with friar's balsam, and poulticed, and was cured in a week or ten days.

I examined his hand. There was a small degree of redness remaining, but no heat, or pain where the wound had been in the palm of his hand, and no vestige whatever on the outside where the teeth had been. There was nothing observable in his throat, differing from its natural state; nor any increase of saliva. Pulse 88, rather feeble, and not quite regular. He had no thirst. He told me his choaking seemed to him as arising from wind, and that he always discharged a great deal from his throat whenever he attempted to swallow. He said he took some dillseed water last night, and thought it relieved him; but never could get down more than a tea-spoonfull at a time, and that with great difficulty. In one attempt to swallow some of this water, he was so choaked and convulsed, that he would have fallen into the fire, his mother told me, if she had not saved him. I gave him some water in a pint pot twice; each time he swallowed about a tea-spoon full, and both times was choaked and convulsed, with a wild staring in his eyes, and a trembling all over him; and immediately after the effort of swallowing, he made a hideous noise. The second time I gave him the water I was much alarmed; I thought it would have occasioned a fatal convulsion.

It is impossible to describe a sound; and I can compare the noise he made, which was from repeated spasmodic contractions of the organs of respiration, to nothing but to that sort of stifled barking which dogs sometimes make when disturbed in their sleep; or to the hoarse short barking of a drover's dog. When he took the pot in his hand he fell into a tremor, held down his head, and was in great distress; he kept the pot in his hand a few seconds before he could summon courage to lift it to his mouth; after which I took it from him, as from his agony he could not hold it. He bore the sight of the water in the pot, while it was in my hand, when it was not offered him to drink; but when I brought a large bason filled with water, and put it before his eyes, he seemed frightened; and when

I agitated the water near him, he was instantly attacked with what he called "the wind rising in his throat," trembling, and that hoarse internal noise before-mentioned. He entreated me not to order any medicine for him in a liquid form, as he said he could not take it; and the attempt, he was certain, would kill him. He said he could swallow any solid substance. I put this to the proof; and, as he had been costive for several days, I gave him four aperient pills, which he swallowed one at a time, but with some difficulty.

He had now been with me three quarters of an hour, when he and Mrs. Metcalfe left Albany, with the best advice I could give, and walked back to Compton-street. From his appearance and conversation, no person would have thought there was any indisposition about him. His voice and speech had suffered no alteration. He was in the 18th year of his age; a very fine youth in mind, as well as in person. His humanity here was his misfortune. With what grief did I see him depart from Albany with his poor mother, knowing, as I did, that he had but a few hours to live! I visited him at eight o'clock in the evening. Pulse 110, and very feeble. I gave him some water. In attempting to drink, the usual consequences—choaking, wildness in the eyes, and the noise in the throat followed. The pills operated about nine o'clock, several times. About ten o'clock he became so violently convulsed, that four young men, his brothers, could scarcely keep him in his bed; but he made no attempt to bite any person. He began also to foam at the mouth, with white froth. The quantity of this froth was so great, as to require many towels and handkerchiefs, in wiping it from his mouth. At this period he likewise became delirious at intervals, but at times in his perfect senses, and complained, though in a very warm room, of being cold, and begged to be kept warm. In this condition he continued until one o'clock on the following morning, when, from his violent convulsive exertions and struggling, he was entirely exhausted, and remained calm and quiet afterwards. He expired at a quarter before two, 18 weeks from the time of the accident; 46 hours from the commencement of the hydrophobia; and 10 hours after I first saw him.

B. M.

An ANECDOTE.

THE late much-lamented Lord Nelson, while cruizing off Cadiz, sent out his boats, and took a Spanish polacre, laden with wine, &c. and from which one of his seamen had contrived to smuggle on board a small cask. While, however, he was conveying it to his birth, his lordship observing him, called

out, "What, Jack, not ask your old commander to have a drop; you know I'd not serve you so." Jack, who expected nothing less than a round dozen, now advanced with an awkward bow, presented it to his lordship, and requested him to drink. Our hero, with his usual condescension, accepted it, and calling for glasses, with the officers and seaman, drank, "Success to the British fleet," amidst the repeated shouts of the remainder of his gallant followers. He then dismissed Jack with his wine, and a reprimand, "Never to be so ill-natured again."

LONDON TRADERS.

IN Fitz Stephen's time we find that in London the followers of the several trades, the venders of various commodities, and the labourers of every kind, were daily to be found in their proper and distinct places, according to their employments, as is the case at the present day among the bazars of the east. This conflux of the several trades and callings is still perpetuated in the names of many of the streets, as Cornhill, Bread-street, Fish-street, Poultry, Vintry, Hosier-lane, Shoe-lane, Milk-street, and twenty others. Butcher-rows every where occur. At the time of the plague in 1666, Bucklersbury was filled by apothecaries. St. Paul's is surrounded by Pater-noster-row, Ave-maria-lane, and Amen-corner.

THEATRICAL UNION.

A Matrimonial connection has taken place at Edinburgh between Mr. Vinning, and Miss Benson, daughter of the late Mr. Benson, of Drury-lane. The parties were performing at Edinburgh in the farce of *We Fly by Night*, and they took a fancy to carry into reality the union they had been representing on the stage. They made their obeisance to the audience, withdrew in their theatrical dresses, and, by one of those brief ceremonies which the laws of Scotland sanction, returned in a few minutes, to the wonder of their friends, in the new characters of husband and wife.

A QUESTION, *by a Carpenter, of Plymouth.*

IN a parallelopided is given its solidity=3750, and its altitude, and sides of its base, are as 3, 2, and 5, respectively.—Required its dimensions.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, Tiverton, to J. Dyer's Charade, inserted September 28.

WHEN foaming billows the vast ocean sweep
The furious SURGE rolls ON th' unfathom'd deep.

☞ We have received the like answer from W D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; J Joyce, of Tiverton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; Hester Easter, of Poole; Soho, and J. Colley, of St. German's; John Ryan, of Stonehouse; H. Stoneman, of Exeter; J. B. of Barnstaple; R. M. Giffard, J Horsey, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; W. D. of Bristol; J. Fairweather, of Plymouth; J. V. near Helston; J Woodman, of North Curry; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; and G. Spry, of Egg Buckland.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Ryan's Rebus, inserted September 28.

THE HARPSICHORD your high-strain'd whole displays,
On which Amelia oft divinely plays.

*** Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; R Loosemore, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; R M. Giffard, S. Paull, and J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Ryan, Stonehouse; Corporal Colley, and Soho, of St. German's; J. Fairweather, of Plymouth; H. Stoneman, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. H. H. of Totnes; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Whitnell, of Street; and G Coulman, of Broadhempston.

A REBUS, *by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.*

MY first I've seen at Stonehouse fair;
My second will a tree declare;
My third's part of the human frame;
My fourth's an animal will name;
My fifth in ev'ry town is seen;
My whole is easy found I ween:

It is a fish as you will find,
When those initials are combin'd.

A REBUS, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

WHEN howling Boreas raves along the plain,
And wild tornados agitate the main;
When darkness reigns o'er all the vast expanse,
Save when the lightnings dart their dreary glance;

When peals of thunder in succession roll,
And seem to shake the nether stedfast pole;
My first doth then its kind assistance lend,
And may be deem'd the seaman's truest friend;

My second, Sirs, the monarch of the wood,
Must lose his head, ere 'twill be understood;
A sweet sensation, grateful to the soul,
Of tender feelings you may prove my whole.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The POETIC LOVER: *A* FRAGMENT.

HIS hopes and wishes melt in rhyme;
A sigh expires in every line;
Each vow is measur'd into verse,
As changeth for his wild converse:
Poetic fire lights up the way,
And marks the charms he would display;
'Till wrapt in blaze he frantic tears,
Forgets all bounds, and wildly swears;
She's wisdom's child, and beauty's flower,
Her virtues brighten every hour.
She's this, she's that, she's all divine,
I'd lose the world to call her mine.
In humble strains I seek to please,
And trembling ask my poor heart's ease;
Tho' wild my notes, and harsh the sound,
There cannot be more true love found.
Flattery may charm, but cannot heal,
The sad distress which lovers feel;
Oh! may I feed on love sincere,
And gain the prize my heart holds dear!

Plymouth. S. P. Jun.

The MERMAID *and her* BRIDEGROOM.
By Mr. DIMOND, *Jun.*

HANDSOME pilot! furl thy sail,
Rest thy prow, and bless the gale!
Rest, where chrystal waters stray,
And the summer sun-beams play:
Skies are clear, and ocean bright—
Take with me an hour's delight.
Furl, ah! prithee furl thy sail—
Listen to the mermaid's tale!

Oh! fly, simple youth! nor the mermaid believe,
Tho' sweet be her song, yet she sings to deceive.
All nature, her magic at will can deform;
And now from her low rock she conjures the storm—
She thickens the waters—she troubles the air—
Oh! fly, simple youth! for destruction is there!

Let not idle fears alarm thee,
Think not I could bear to harm thee—
Pry thee gaze! behold me fair—
Look how trimly combs my hair—
Mark my eyes with passion beaming—
See my breasts with wishes teeming—
All alone, young, fresh, and fair—
Who my sea-flow'r couch will share?

Oh! credulous pilot! be warned ere too late;
The charm that attracts thee betrays to thy fate.

See!

See!—far in the west, a dark spot now appears!
I know the dread sign—it increases my fears—
There the galloping storm-fiend his giant form shrouds,
His foor treads the billows, his head strikes the clouds!

Tarry love! yon gather'd shade,
Is but vapour born to fade.
Come, my bridegroom thou shalt be,
Lord of riches under sea;
Fields of pearl, and castles tall,
Fenc'd by many a coral wall—
Come! a song of spells I sing—
Come away! my water-king!

He hastes—ah! he hastes, at the mermaid's command—
Lo! lo! wretched victim, the storm-fiend at hand!
Too late turns the rudder, in vain spread the sails,
The woe working chaunt of the minstrel prevails.
'Tis dark, saints! how dark! how the billows are tost!
Oh Jesu have mercy! Our vessel is lost.

Sea, and sky, and air, and fire
Now tremendous strifes conspire!
Shriek aloud thou northern blast,
Cleave in twain the groaning mast!
Lightning flash, and rattle thunder,
Smite the starting planks asunder!
Now they drown, and now they die,
Now I catch their sinking cry!

"My bridegroom, all hail!" cries the mermaid in joy,
And plunging thro' gulphs clasps the perishing boy!
He struggles to curse with life's lingering breath—
But the kiss of his bride is the passport of death.
The wedded ones vanish, and whither they go
The race of immortals and ghosts only know.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The SCOLDING RIB.

THE female virago can never do wrong,
She is harmless, patient, and kind;
Tho' abuse, like a torrent, flows over her tongue,
And the furies at work in her mind.

The turbulent shrew, with the torch of her rage,
Enfires the cot of content;
She is testy, imperious, and sneers at the blaze,
Nor feels her proud heart to relent.

Persuasion avails not, she must have her way,
Opposition increases her spleen;
She raves like the tempest, or flouts all the day,
And her features discover the fiend.

The man that has wed such a daughter of Eve,
Has nip the fair bud of his joys;
And the prospect before him is only to live,
To be worried to death with her noise.

Dock, Devon.